

## PILGRIMAGE OF A HEART. BY W. R. H.

FIRST met him in the French colony of Marti-nique. | back to England, and, in point of weather, one of the most perfect days I have ever known in the

We both lodged in the dilapidated Hotel des Bains, the sole caravansary of the quaint Creole city of St. Pierre, and as we were the only two Englishmen in the place, we were soon naturally on a friendly footing; but as to kowing Colonel Olroyd, that was an entirely different matter. He never received any letters and never sent any, but the local bank was advised by a big London house to cash his checks. So the rumor ran that he was fabulously rich.

From week to week he prolonged his stay. He said he was waiting for the spring to return to England. But I think there was something soothing to him in the simple, sleepy life of this quaint well-forgotten French colony with its beautiful scenery and picturesque people and memories of a glorious bygone time. Opposite the Hetel sans Bains, as it was jestingly micknamed, was the Mairie, a battered old building with a grandly pretending air, and in front of it was a little square, very dusty and forlorn, with a few laughter, and the high-pitched gibbering jargon of benches under some scrubby mango trees. This was the insane. And it sounded ominous and very a tavorite spot with Col. Olroyd; he liked to sit in the | ghostly in the brilliant day. square and listen to that life in the dark.

When the French Governor came from Fort de France on his yearly visit to St. Pierre, Col. Olroyd life, the dockyard glistened in the sun, the harbor went to call on him. The next day an enormous berlooked like a big blue bottle with a long neck, and line with four horses rumbled heavily through the cobble-paved town and halted in front of the Hotel
des Bains, filling the entire street from the Mairie to
spilled on the shore. Col. Olroyd, whose manner had where you turn into the Grande Rue. It was the Governor going to pay a call, an unusual thing, and all which coming from him seemed almost hysterical, St. Pierre was agog with curiosity.

The Governor's visit was to Col. Olroyd, and when he went back to Fort de France he took Cot, Olroyd old garrison graveyard?"
with him on a visit—they had been companions in There was something in his voice that gave m rms in the Crimea, it was said.

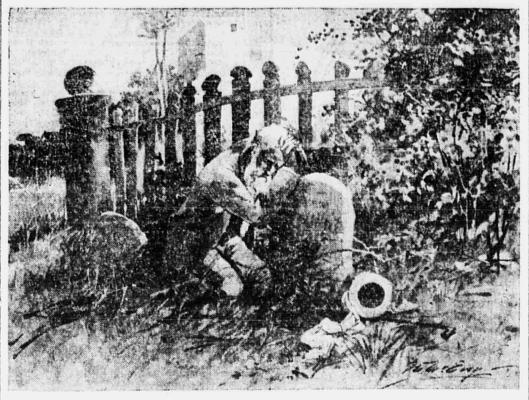
Shortly afterward I was hastily summoned to curiosity I watched him disappear into a tangle of

Antigua, and Col. Olroyd had almost passed out of my closes. Then I wandered off to look at the ruins with thoughts, when one morning I saw his forlorn, ec- which these heights were crowned. centrically clad figure standing in the Custom-House on all sides was desolation; it seemed as if at some in the midst of a chattering lot of deckers just landed period of its history this stronghold had suffered from the mail steamer. He recognized me at once from a devastating bombardment; but the Unio and seemed giad to see me. I helped him through the Jack had never been lowered here save in time o customs and got him a room near mine over a Portu- peace. As the course of Britain's empire took its way guese provision store, for the dreary, dead-and-alive eastward the West Indies began to decline. The long

tropics. English Harbor was and still is a naval dock-

Spain and England had wrestled, to become valueless, officers' barracks were the most interesting. The troops were withdrawn and concentrated in a hurricane had long since stripped off the roof, and appear, I began to fear that the sun and the climb single island, the forts were dismantled and the bar-racks laft to the tropical sun and wind and rain, weight than the land crabs and centipedes that scur-went in search of him. The old garrison graveyard

#### A TRYST WITH THE DEAD.



COL. OLROYD WAS LYING WITH HIS HEAD ON AN OLD DEFACED TOMESTONE.

obliterating landmark of a once very glorious past. But at last I got him to go to English Harbor with ern warfare and the change of the strategic bases caused these island fortresses, over which France and far more than the well-kept dockyard below. The

served than the rest but you felt that at the first storm the crazy walls would fall in. wall could speak, what tales they would tell!-tales of sincerity, is like the reading of a beautiful poem, that make, seems but to increase the pathos in this strange Nelson and Napoleon of a surety

Some A long time elapsed, and, as Col. Olroyd did not which soon demolished them. They were now a fast- ried across them. The mess-room was better pre- lay on the very verge of the cliffs; its iron railings had long since rusted away in the corroding air, and a few crumbling tombs, black with age, were half hidden in a jungle of wild aloes and cacti. The desoation of the heights was very apparent here. Col. Olroyd was lying with his head down on an old deaced tomb. I thought he had fainted, and, running to nim, I touched him on the shoulder. He raised a face, the tearless misery of which appalled me. I had a sacred and he alone should share it. mean sense of intruding; I could say nothing, do nothing, and, covered with confusion, I turned away. but he rose to his feet, and, putting his arm through nine, said, with a wan smile 'Come, let us go; I have been detaining you; it was

very thoughtless of me."

dreariness now no splender of the sun could hide, he his youth with its boundless love and boundless amproke from me with a cry, and rushing back to the bition, when he had promised her to win a decoration old dilapidated tomb, fell on his knees beside it and that she might be the prouder and prouder of him-kissed it passionately. With such delicacy as I nysterious and terrible grief. He recovered himself quickly, however, and came back to me; but he seemed to have forgotten my existence, to be oblivious of everything, as if he were in a fit of deep abstraction. Then he began to walk very fast, almost ibstraction. Then he began to wait very the said tragedy of his youth he lantered. It was like tunning, and I followed silently, hot and winded. As disinterring a corpse, so, drawn by morbid desire and we passed the lunatic asylum with its Bedlam noises held back by dread, he lingered in this portion of he stopped suddenly, and turning to me said:
"No, no, not that! After all these years, to go mad!

No, it wouldn't be brave; I will pull myself together. Come, let us go back to town as if we had enjoyed ur visit to the lion of Antigua!" Some forty years ago this eccentric old man was in

her! What has prudence got to do with love and one-and-twenty years? The less we expect the better, say mon sense, daring fate to do its worst, they were and in his privacy he told her all his thoughts as if married. The very desperateness of the deed but added the fuel to their love. The path of life stretched out bearing graveyard with her dear name obliterated, a years, let us thank God for you. The memory of your she was gone forever! Poor old man! Ah, if those arder, your freshness, your irresponsibility, your makes one for the nonce forget the terrible, relentless | world of ours.

His regiment was ordered to Antigua; he had once sat a pink and white beardless boy in antiquated uniform round that old mess-table. But among those red-faced and bronzed men who talked of Waterloo and the Peninsular he was as much of a man, for had he not a wife, a wife to leave whom even for the brief space o fa mess dinner was like going across Ah me, and ah me! The yellow-fever fiend appeared at English Harbor, running through the white troops, fearing eagerly on their fresh northern blood, the mansleyer! And one day it seized the girl-wife and would not give her up for all the labors of Hercules rolled into one. It was a terrible, terrible blow. For him the lamp of life had gone out. And when they buried her in that lonely grave on those wind-blown heights, where she must lie forever alone. he realized what love is to the world, what it means to a man. He was proud and brave; with a sob he bound up his broken heart and hid the despair from all eyes. He would bear the wounds of fate manfully as he would bear the wounds of battle. "He is so young he will soon forget," they said of him. Yes. they should all think so; the secret of his heart was

prose of maturity.

The years rolled away, honors poured on him, he went through the campaigns of life with success; he alone knew that all was ashes and vanity. The bitterest battle he ever fought was the day when he ery thoughtless of me."

We walked away; but as we left the place, whose dissed it passionately. With such deflicacy as I ling to offer him that he would value; but he intended on sterious and terrible grief. He recovered himself to live to the end bravely and truly—it was all that was left him to do. One day a great overpowering span of happiness had been buried. He travelled to the West Indies, but as he approached the scene of God's earth that was to him accursed.

And now after forty years he had come back; be had made a grievous mistake. In all those years he had preserved the picture of English Harbor as 15 had been. Every detail of the scene of that terrible day was forever in his mind, a picture he knew by love—the first love of a dashing, ardent boy of one-and-twenty. He was a lieutenant in the army, with othing but his pay, and ordered away on foreign thought of the changes of time, and when he once service for five years. Five years to be absent from again stood beside that old ruined grave it was as if some cruel hand had torn his picture to shreds, the picture he had treasured for forty years! He had Laughing prudence to the winds, scouting comfore them straight and narrow, just room enough for wilderness inhabited by lizards and landcrabs and themselves to walk in. The primrose path, no past, wild alces, smote him with desolation. She whom he o future, no thorns! Ah, sweet one-and-twenty talked to, who lived near him in her impalpable world, Ah well, the harder we fight, the braver show we

-Black and White.

### HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ADVISES HUSBANDS AND WIVES

ODD USE FOR A CHURCH.

yard, little used now, for the modern ship-of-war is

hides it from the ocean. But the Imperial Govern-

ment nevertheless keeps it in good repair, perhaps

in readiness for some unforescen eventuality, per-

once played in the making of Britain,

ements of a mediaeval fortress.

haps out of respect for the quite forgotten part it

An old negro caretaker admitted us through the

We paddled across the harbor after lunch, and, in

spite of the blazing sun, climbed the height above the dockyard that had once been deemed impreg-

nable. Half way up the steep grass-grown road,

whose sides were strewn with old rusty cannons, was

the hospital of the old days, now turned into a mad-

house. As we passed we heard peals of mirthless

At the top a lovely picture of color unfolded itself

the cloudless blue sky was a-quiver with heat and

looked like a big blue bottle with a long neck, and on the other side towards the ocean the bright blue

surprised me the whole day by its anusual vivacity,

"Will you wait here while I go down there to the

On all sides was desolation; it seemed as if at some

gateway in the great walls that looked like the bat-

oo big to cross the dangerous rocky channel that

It is misery, but what can I do for a home? We have over \$1,000 between us and I have near as much that he knows nothing about. With all his faults I love him and do not forget the promise I made at the alter to be true CONSTANT.

With all his faults you love him. That love will teach you a wisdom far beyond any advice I might give you. It will make you clear-sighted, so that you will see not only his faults but your own. It will make you forbearing, so that you will be patient with even his ugliest moods. It will make you strong, so that you will be able to forgive his weakness. It will make you tactful and thoughtful and tender, so that you will learn all the right ways of dealing with him. It will make you heartily earnest in trying to bring out his best nature. It will make you thoroughly unselfish in avoiding the petty acts and words which seem to bring out his worst. In all the world there is nothing so strong or so wise as true love. I am trusting in yours to make peace between you and your husband.

Another Unhappy Wife.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been married eight years and the last few years have been very un-happy on account of my husband and myself failing to agree on anything. I am not in very good health and am ex-

OBJECT TO OUR DRESS.

They tell in West Africa of a fine old fellow, a convert to Isiam, who came into one of the settlements of Sierra Leone one day with his son, when both were astonished by the appearance of a civilized native arrayed in a swallow-tail coat, a tall silk hat and a standing collar. Turning to his son the astonished old man said:

"Look here, boy, if you ever forget Islam and become Nasaza (Christian), you may come to look like that."

The historic church of St. Clement, in the Strand, London, has been put to a curious use for the coronation. Surrounding the base and rising in three tiers almost to the roof of the sacred edifice, is a grand stand, you may come to look like that."

said to me:

citable. We have not very much room | willing to lose it lightly-try to trace | tinually. Try to be as brave and bright Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My husband gets drunk and calls me names. He threatens to beat me and has on some occasions made attempts

in the flat and my husband insists that his brother shall stay with us and it is he is now showing so plainly. Be candid and honest with yourself. See if you were always in the right when he lear Mrs. Ayer

my nusband or his son. We are married five years and are about the same
age. He was very unkind to his first
wife. My friends want me to leave him.

It is missing to try as earnestly as you can to remember the earlier days of your union between husband and wife. Do not let them prove a cause of dissension.

And do not let your ill health make you manly young love when the manly young love when the manly young love when the same as he was at that time.

A Truant Husband.

right and do not lose trust in your for the day.

husband. | feel quite sure he loves | Of the 751 words used by the boy 36 you. Being young and good looking he were nouns, 189 verbs, 83 adjectives, 42 has probably fallen in with a fast set of adverbs, 8 interjections, 27 pronouns, 21 people, who persuade him to believe prepositions and 14 articles and conhe can have better times in their com- junctions, and of all the different words pany than in yours. If this is the case, 64 per cent, were used in the first five reproaches and complaints from you hours of the day. The full vocabulary will only make matters worse. Men of the boy was 1,432 and of the girl 1,308 and women take each other in mar-words. Neither used in any one day all riage "for better, for worse," and they the words at his or her command. The very soon find that they have, mutu- boy used his own name 1.057 times in one ally, much to overlook and forgive, day, while the girl used "I," "me" and The great secret of happy married life is individual freedom. Husbands and wives must not seek to control each other's actions.

Fortunately most married people are right-minded enough to defer willingly right-minded enough to defer willingly to one another's opinions, and Lause are peace and safety of the home are preserved. But in cases like your own, where a husband professing to love his wife still does what he knows will wound her. I advise the wife to refrain from fault-finding and to cheerfully perform—as long as she can do so, self-respectingly—all the dutles of a good, true wife. I think your husband will soon grow ashamed of his present conduct and will give you the honor you deserve by finding his greatest pleasure at home. There is a law of nature that, if the centre keeps steady, things that fly away from it will speedily fly back

A B C REPARTEE.

An uptown lawyer with a fancy for dogs recently made an addition to his ennel of which he was especially proud. He was leading the animal through the Port Richmond neighborhood the other The historic church of St. Clement, in the Strand, London, has been put to a curious use for the coronation. Surrounding the base and rising in the asked. "Hardly that—bardly that!" said one of the group, musingly. "What's the matter with calling it a K-9?"

#### COUNTING A BOY'S WORDS.

guage" referred to English laborers who like that. And he tells me he thinks the world and all of me. He said there is nobody like me. We never quarrel. I never say anything to him. My friends all tell me to leave him.

HEARTBROKEN.

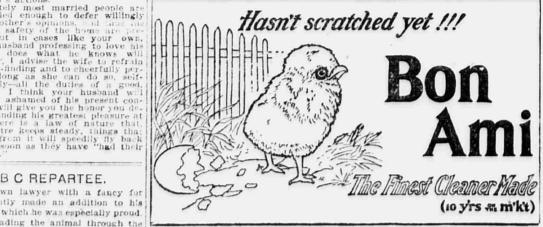
child uses in a day, but Mrs. Gale did, and she made an actual count of words test by a boy and a girl. The boy, aged two and a half years, used 751 different words in a day and made a record for the day of 9,200 words. A girl of the same age used 620 different words in a same age used 620 different words in Keep on doing what you know to be day and made a record of 8,992 words

10,507 words in one day. The deductions from these facts are had not more than 300 words in their vo- that a child is as active with its tongue bas on some occasions made attempts to do so. I am his second wife. I have one boy, three years oid, and one step-child, eleven years oid, and one step-child, eleven years oid, whom I love. If I ever correct this boy of his for anything my husband will scold me in his presence. We have a nice home. I do everything to keep him from growing. He calls to see my brother and sisters. They treat him kindly. He thinks I do not tell them about him. It is very selfdom I hear a civil word from either my husband or his son. We are married five years and are about the same to come bor. I am his second wife. I have do so. I am his second wife. I have on child select the saws I can go or else put up with his brother, whichever I please, Jealousy will slowly but surely kill love. Do not allow it to lurk in your him has always my fault and that he does wrong because I am a jealous, Jealousy will slowly but surely kill love. Do not allow it to lurk in your him has always my fault and that he does wrong because I am a jealous, Please tell me what you think I am excussing your husband for wrongdoing or inding fault with yourself when I adversed to my husband or his son. We are married five years and are about the same to remember the earlier days of your

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Capital seeking safe inves finds it through

#### THE WOMAN WHO HOLDS A MAN'S LOVE. I would venture to say that I could women whom nothing on earth would | she agitates about her, says Kate Thy- is always ready to graciously accept

thing in the world to deduce from inference.

A man may not intend to say one word against his wife, or to betray any domestic secret, but in the ordinary course of conversation he will let fall a remark or ask a question that reveals the whole story like a flashight. When he asks, of the sympathetic friend, in a harassed tone of voice, "Do you think a woman is ever justified in corresponding with other men against her husband's wishes?" it doesn't take a sledge-hammer to impress the conclusion as to which particular woman he refers. Or should he say, "Some women are so infernally featous, or many married couples would be happier if mothers-in-law words and good of woman's superior powers of their dead and gone spouses," you know full well that the poor man has been overdosed with either jealousy or too much mother-in-law, and so on through the gamut of matrimonial harmonies and discords.

Of course, the tactful woman never betrays that she is not as deens as she seems, but she can very cleverly make her deductions which will fit the case perfectly.

When a man says, "There are some

my acquaintance, and it's the easiest. It is for this reason that men with the more man, but she forgets that the farence. the more man, but she forgets that the farence.

enumerate the faults and folbles of the please," then you may be sure ne's son Marr, in the Milwaukee Sentinel wrestling with an irritable home crank.

The faults and folbles of the wrestling with an irritable home crank.

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The faults and folbles of the wrestling with an irritable home crank.

The faults are all the faults

bable to make an exhibition of the loyance.

This is the secret of the influence hat so many middle-aged women poor so can be ability to flatter and to cater the whims, and men really have mor vagaries and caprices than women, on they try not to let women find it out and the woman who is wise will not the man know that she has four it out. And, girls, try the method. Forge And, girls, try the method. Forget yourselves entirely, or rather, merge your individuality into that of the man whom you are anxious to please, whose regard would be a compilment, or with no other motive than to be agreeable for the time being. Just let him think that he is "IT." with a double-decker on the "IT." and he will be puzzled to determine whether you are an angel or he is only experimenting with a flying machine. Try it.

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